



Without You  
Love -  
Philosophical  
and love  
poems

Sorin Cerin

**SORIN CERIN**

- Without you LOVE - Philosophical and love poems

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**2021**

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### **1. Without you Love**

Without you,  
Love,  
the blackened Dawns of Happiness,  
are struggling drowned,  
in the hungry Tears,  
of, time,  
for to be shattered,  
by the Hearts of Wind, of the Glances,  
in which we get lost,  
the Truth,  
but without trying, again,  
to we ever find him,  
at the hour of a Smile,  
which broke down,  
and not knowing the exact time of Love,  
none of us,  
we have no longer been able to meet,  
the Souls,  
who waited for us until they froze,  
in the sharp frost,  
of our Cemeteries of Words,  
who have whipped us terribly,  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
the only one that still pulled us,  
toward the Absolute,  
the blood of Dreams,  
what have become of lead,  
so heavy,  
so that, the Eternity of the Moment,

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hit and injured,  
first,  
she knelt shouting deaf,  
to the Horizon that was about to fall on us,  
with all his Pain,  
after which it collapsed,  
crushing us,  
in the snow of the Memories,  
full of, the Traces,  
to the Horizon that was about to fall on us,  
with all his Pain,  
after which it collapsed,  
crushing us,  
in the snow of the Memories,  
full of, the Traces,  
increasingly, snowed, with the Regrets,  
of our Feelings,  
which, they will also melt,  
in the arms of a Future,  
of the Nobody.

Without you,  
Love,  
we are born Living Statues,  
destined to shade with Death,  
The Divine Light of the Infinity,  
through the Passions and Original Sins,  
on which we are obligated,  
by Destiny,  
to we climb them on the mountain of the Sighs,  
from where to admire our Loneliness,  
in the abyssal quietness,  
of the Regrets,  
which shout us deaf,

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every fragment, of Compromise,  
which we have given,  
to the Prides,  
of the Illusions of Happiness,  
seriously injured,  
on Zebra of the Passings,  
apparently without color,  
of the Good and Evil,  
on which we always cross her,  
toward, the Vanity,  
lost in, the Genes,  
clothed in, the Nausea and Absurd,  
of the ancestors,  
of the indifferent Saints,  
from the Icons of Feelings,  
placed on the ruined walls,  
of our Souls,  
to which we worship,  
hoping that we will find again,  
the lost Paradise,  
of the Subconscious Stranger,  
without to we understand,  
why do we arrive,  
almost every time,  
to we see only the Horizons,  
of the World of Beyond,  
of the Inferno,  
of the Human Condition,  
what is lost,  
in, the Death,  
of, which, the Memories of the Pain,  
they hope that they can support themselves,  
Forgetting by ourselves.

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Without you,  
Love,  
we are a flame of Infinity,  
so extinguished,  
that neither the Remorses,  
the coldest ones,  
of the Thoughts,  
they don't want anymore,  
to warm,  
at our Divine Fire of Life,  
what has come to illuminate,  
only the deserted streets,  
from the Souls of the Moments,  
which we cross them,  
accompanied by the Death that has sprouted,  
once with the birth,  
of the Loneliness,  
on the Heart, of Fire,  
of the own Subconscious Stranger,  
in whose tomb,  
they have come to collapse,  
the Feelings,  
to which the Destiny has carved them,  
from the bitter stone of the Glances,  
of our homeless Days,  
a whole funerary monument,  
to which we sometimes come,  
to we kneel,  
unseen, by Nobody,  
the Memories.

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Without you,  
Love,  
even the rays of the Divine Light,  
what, they hold on their shoulders the Paradise,  
they seem to us a wandering,  
through the Madhouse of the Eternities of Moments,  
what, they strike their foreheads,  
by, the walls, cold and full of dampness,  
of the Words,  
of, which, none of us,  
we will no longer succeed to pass,  
Ever.

Without you,  
Love,  
we are two Shadows that meet,  
on, the forehead of the cold of End of World,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which freeze us the Souls,  
in sharp floes of Regrets,  
what, they begin to shed the tears,  
with the drops of the Cemeteries of Hopes,  
which fill us the cups of nowhere,  
from which we are forced to drink,  
to the end,  
the Destiny of Despair,  
what, he's getting drunk us,  
until the loss of any Feelings,  
The wait,  
of a Thaw of the Dawn,  
which appears for us,  
just as silent and alone,  
as they have become for us,

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the Icons of the Dreams,  
in which we still believed,  
even then,  
when our Future was lit,  
by the falling star,  
of our own Happiness.

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## **2. Lighting objects**

Carved words,  
in the blood of Lead Hearts,  
are always placed,  
through the museums of Memories,  
which we still visit sometimes,  
crushed by Loneliness in two,  
what condemns us,  
to ever greater distances,  
in ourselves,  
until we get lost,  
totally,  
under the heavy soles of the Horizons,  
of some Hopes,  
which are collapsing,  
under the dark weight,  
because we became,  
some simple, objects,  
of lighting,  
Word Cemeteries,  
which we still hold today,  
hanging from the ceilings of Thoughts,  
increasingly shrivelled,  
whose paint of Dreams,  
seems to be washed,  
by the Tears of a Time,  
what was never ours,  
Love.

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**3. We want to say a Prayer**

The Dawns forsaken,  
even by the Subconscious Stranger,  
from us,  
they wash, full of spasms,  
their sweaty foreheads of the Moments,  
wasted without any purpose,  
on the face stained with sighs,  
of the Loneliness alienated,  
closed in the sanitarium,  
of the deep Wrinkles,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
from where we shout deaf,  
the Destiny,  
wandering through the Cemeteries of Words,  
what, have remained us, to say,  
to the incarcerated Saints,  
of the Love,  
between the frames of some Icons,  
of the lost and deserted Glances,  
so cold,  
that we freeze every time,  
when we take courage,  
and we want to say a Prayer.

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#### **4. This World of Nobody**

The troubled shores of Words,  
they collapsed in the indifferent Ocean of the  
Forgetfulness,  
whose waves full of Vanity,  
have gnawed us continuously,  
the decomposed Glances of the Dreams,  
what, they lose their consistency,  
which they had somewhere - sometime,  
when God,  
could still walk,  
free and unhindered,  
through the World of our Glances,  
on which we have come to hide them,  
even by our Subconscious Stranger,  
to which we would become too sincere,  
with ourselves,  
when we will meet him,  
knowing that he will compel us to look us,  
in the mirror of our own human condition,  
which is Death,  
and we will rediscover us,  
on us, the ones with wings of Immortality,  
the ones before,  
of to become the incarnation in Absurd,

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of the Original Sin,  
we who fly over endless stretches,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
of a Love,  
on which we attribute her,  
only to God,  
but not and to us,  
in this World of Nobody.

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## **5. Decomposition**

The knotty Roots, of Hopes,  
they are spreading, for us,  
from, the dry Tree,  
of the Knowledge,  
deep in, the soul,  
of the Dust,  
lacking power,  
of the Incarnation,  
in the Word of a Creation,  
who lost its Smile,  
to the rigged roulette,  
by, the Pain,  
carved specially for us,  
by a God,  
of the Pain,  
in the bitter stone,  
of the Original Sins,  
which flow us,  
through the veins of the Memories,  
from the Future of Nobody,  
on which we have won it,  
at the birth of the Vanity,

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of the Meaning, of to live us,  
the Non-Senses of the Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
at maximum levels,  
of the Despair,  
of to be ourselves,  
the Living Statues of the Absurd,  
which, to we interpret,  
the mediocre roles of Destiny,  
on dirty scenes full of dampness,  
of a Time,  
whose Decomposition,  
we play her,  
every time,  
impeccable,  
at the Gates of the Cemeteries of Dreams.

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**6. The wide open gates of the Absurd of a Death**

Shadows of Deceptions stained,  
with the blood of the vain Dreams,  
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
they crush us the steps of the Thoughts,  
with, the defiant Lead,  
of the Vanity,  
which clothed us,  
the Alienation of unfulfilled Hopes,  
for not to cool,  
on the Cold, of end, of World,  
what joins us,  
to the funeral convoys,  
of the Eternities of Moments,  
what, they lead us, without they ever making a mistake,  
towards the wide open gates,  
of the Absurd of a Death,  
what, will belong,  
to the homeless Days,  
which have remained behind us,  
to the broken windows of the Memories,

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in whose shards, they will cut off,  
the veins, desperate,  
by, the vain Expectations of the Meeting again,  
the lost Glances,  
whose blood of Feelings,  
will turn into red, the Sunrises,  
on which, will count them,  
until exhaustion,  
the Loneliness.

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**7. They no longer succeed to gather them**

Streets gnawed by the longing of the Dawns,  
they wander dispirited,  
through the thickets of Memories,  
what, they hit their heads,  
by the cold and full of dampness walls,  
of the Words Cemeteries,  
which we still address,  
to the Hearts of Wind,  
which have remained, to beat the Time,  
behind us,  
causing so many storms of Regrets,  
so that, nor the sunsets, no longer succeed,  
to gather them from the gates,  
of the Illusions of our Life and Death.

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**8. They give us whole bouquets of Flowers of Tears**

Windows of Heaven  
they stand hit,  
by the leafless branches of Dreams,  
of the Smiles,  
carved from the bitter stone,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
whose Non-Senses of Existence,  
they give us whole bouquets,  
of Flowers of Tears,  
on which to we scatter them,  
on the eternally fresh graves,  
of the Happinesses,  
who have returned,  
namely for us,  
from their way toward Love,  
to offer us,  
Living Water of Hopes,  
without knowing that this,  
it will knock us down with her Purity,  
the inherited Imperfection,  
from the Original Sins,  
in which we were incarnated,  
by Destiny,  
without remaining nothing,  
in our place.

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**9. Now covered with Forgetfulness**

Walls ruined by Memories,  
they imprison us, the Dreams,  
deeper and deeper,  
in the mud of the incarnation,  
from the Original Sin,  
of a Happiness,  
of the Nobody.

Decomposed Dawn,  
by the corpulence, ever more transparent,  
of the Words,  
drip inertly,  
on the forehead of a Flower of Tears,  
which, it withered,  
kneeling, at the soles of Time,  
in whose soul,  
I could still see,  
somewhere - sometime,  
your image, Love,  
which I received her as a gift,  
from the Eternity of a Moment,  
what I know will no longer be born, never,  
between steep banks,

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of my Life,  
what seem to have collapsed,  
over the shout deaf,  
of the Icon of a Feeling,  
on whose wings,  
we flew toward the distances within ourselves,  
now covered with Forgetfulness.

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## **10. The Roots of the Future**

Sharp edges rusted by Questions,  
they tore the bleeding flesh of the Words,  
whose wandering Glances,  
they commit suicide,  
throwing themselves into the slippery chasm,  
of the Truth of a God,  
what was never ours,  
Love.

Waterfalls, of Regrets,  
sculpt the roots of the Future,  
in bizarre forms of Compromises,  
on which we will always admire them,  
through the exhibitions so visited by Tears,  
of our souls.

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**11. Then and now ....**

Then,  
when the letters became,  
the broken wings of the wandering Words,  
and the cold sunsets,  
seem to have stopped forever,  
at the gates of Pain,  
alongside the Dreams,  
what are crucified,  
on the breathless Horizons,  
of the Thoughts,  
and we,  
it seems that we have ceased,  
to we longer exist ever,  
among the Steps that are heading,  
now,  
toward nowhere,  
being of the Moments,  
through which we should have crossed,  
the Future,  
then and now ....

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**12. For ourselves**

We collapse at the soles,  
of the Walls of Words,  
of, which we hit us,  
with so much violence,  
that the wandering drops of blood,  
of the Sunrises of the Nobody,  
dripping on the ever more wrinkled faces,  
with rebellious Memories,  
of the Present,  
in which we drown,  
the lead Thoughts,  
of the Loneliness,  
who have found refuge,  
in the desert arms,  
of the Alienation,  
which we dress her,  
lest we become indifferent,  
totally,  
for ourselves.

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**13. At the roulette of the Indifference**

Traces, withered,  
stay,  
on the dust of the incarnation in Pain,  
of the Love,  
on which, God has spent it,  
at the roulette of the Indifference,  
of Destiny,  
at whose soles,  
we are forced,  
to we prostrate,  
even the Non-Senses  
of our own Illusions of Life and Death,  
on whose, wings,  
we learn,  
The Art of Breaking,  
of the Dreams,  
what flow increasingly cold,  
on the faces of the Tears,  
of some homeless Days,  
in whose veins,  
we are forced to drown,  
the Future.

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**14. At the first deaf cry of the Time of Nobody**

Falling leaves of Thoughts,  
they spread on the cold graves,  
of the Words,  
what we said them for us,  
somewhere - sometime,  
without ever believing,  
that they will dwell in them,  
our Glances,  
what have accompanied us,  
when it snowed often,  
with Love,  
being put now,  
in snowdrifts of Memories,  
from which Dreams build their,  
other Snowmen,  
in our place,  
what they will not melt,  
on the streets of the Lack of Hopes,  
at the first deaf cry,  
of the Time of the Nobody.

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### **15. Another World, Life, Person**

Love,  
you are a Truth,  
torn by the perfidious claws of Creation,  
of a God,  
of the Compromises with ourselves.

Mornings lost in the homeless Days,  
of the Absurd,  
which dresses us,  
the deep Eyes of Remorse,  
of to become aware of our own Death,  
what will come,  
at our meeting,  
with the Happiness,  
from whose hand,  
we don't want to break up,  
even then,  
when we are pulled powerfully,  
by Destiny,  
trying to improvise us,  
another World,  
Life,  
Person.

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**16. In the troubled waters of the Loneliness**

Waves of Unrest,  
break the rocks of the Souls,  
of so many Expectations,  
on which have pushed them,  
the Illusions of Life and Death,  
at the heavy and sad gates,  
of our Cemeteries of Words,  
which we often say to ourselves,  
leaning us against the Horizons of Pain,  
of this World,  
of lack of judgment,  
what arrives, in the end,  
to swim,  
in the troubled waters,  
of the Loneliness,  
by ourselves.

Walls of Glances,  
fall deaf,  
in the depths of the Souls,  
which have now become ruins,  
of, which, it stumbles,

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the Time,  
hitting himself so hard,  
by our Dreams,  
so that, it starts to leak out of him,  
the blood of endless Sunsets,  
of the Regrets.

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### **17. The supreme purpose**

Wings of Regrets,  
float over the boundless heights,  
of the Pain,  
in whose body,  
we fell,  
together,  
with the endless Moments,  
of the Wanderings,  
for to become aware,  
by the World of the Nobody,  
which we dwell it together,  
with the Absurd,  
what has become to us,  
the supreme purpose,  
before Death,  
for which we live.

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**18. Whose shadows**

Cold horizons,  
dress the trembling Dreams,  
whose shadows,  
barely leaning against,  
on the oppressive Walls of the Absurd,  
after which we hide from ourselves.

The wings of the Crystal Memories break,  
by the collapsed shores of the Glances,  
of, which, we cut us,  
the veins of Thoughts.

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### **19. Heavier than Death**

We cut deep our flesh of the Moments,  
in Shards of Dreams,  
thrown on the deserted streets of the Glances,  
on whose bodies,  
it rains with the gray lead,  
of the Future of Nobody,  
on which,  
no matter how hard we would try,  
to we move him from the Gate of Expectations,  
we will not succeed  
being heavier than Death,  
what guards us, the Destiny,  
lest it lose him,  
among the Cemeteries of Words,  
which we say them to us,  
every time,  
especially then,  
when it is quenched us the thirst,  
of the one, by the other,  
with the Vanity, sweet- bitter,  
of the false Happiness,  
what is poured to us,  
with generosity, by the Absurd,  
in the cups of nowhere of the Souls,  
chipped,  
so that, to we drink,  
daily,  
the portion of Pain and Despair.

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**20. Alongside the Dawn of Truth**

Break my rusty leaves,  
of my Glances,  
and then let them fall,  
on your Soul,  
Love,  
from which to build us,  
shelter,  
for the Heart of Fire,  
of the unique our Dream,  
to we always stay together,  
alongside the Dawn of Truth,  
what they will be left,  
this time,  
on the forehead of the Divine Light,  
in whose breath,  
we will find our Purpose,  
forever.

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## **21. Our Spring or Autumns**

Nor Destiny, did not want to,  
to answer us,  
why are we  
the same broken wing,  
of a Time,  
what he doesn't want,  
to he ever understand us,  
from our Springs or Autumns,  
which we held together by hand,  
running with them,  
on the Horizons of Hopes,  
what have started  
finally,  
to snow us,  
with big flakes of Tears,  
what were melting,  
on the cheeks of our Hearts of Fire,  
extinguishing them,  
with white and cold breath,  
of the Loneliness,  
from ourselves.

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**22. Without I ever collapsing**

I was real,  
and I was sculpting your face,  
of our own Time,  
in the image and likeness,  
of your Eyes of Heaven,  
Love,  
on whose Boundlessness,  
I wished I could fly,  
without I ever collapsing,  
in the Misunderstood depths,  
of the Being,  
in which I incarnated my,  
Destiny,  
clothed,  
in, the Absurd and Vanity,  
of this World,  
about which I never thought,  
that it can be, only, of the Nobody,  
when, it is before Death,  
which it receives her,  
with the gates of Memories open,  
from behind which,  
flow toward Nowhere,  
and the last remnants of Tears,  
of the Glances,  
what they had belonged, somewhere-sometime,  
just to us.

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### **23. Last Breath**

Troubled Tears of Feelings,  
they destroy the shores of the Glances,  
what they fall into the waves of a Time,  
who educated his Moments, so that,  
to they not recognize us together anymore,  
ever.

Deaf shouts,  
of bloody Sunsets,  
still want to bandage themselves,  
with our Smiles,  
without they know that we lost them,  
to the cursed roulette of Forgetfulness,  
by ourselves.

Sighs of lead,  
they make reverences, disrespectfully,  
to the Icon of our own Soul,  
of the Love,  
what is drowning,  
in the cold waterfalls,  
of the Cemeteries of Words,  
in the roar of which we throw us,  
even the last Breath,  
which we no longer want her,  
on this World.

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**24. The role that the Destiny would have  
predestined to us**

Look at me and tell me,  
in how many days without shelter,  
you spent the night  
since when, the Lead Horizons,  
of the Feelings,  
they began to press your Loneliness.

How many Heart beats you did not waste,  
on the deserted streets,  
of the veins of some Words,  
which you cut to yourself,  
every time,  
when you knew  
that we are going to meet,  
with the Absolute Truth,  
of our own Subconscious,  
what would he have told us,  
who exactly we are.

Repeat for Me,  
if you still can,  
on the collapsed stage of your Glances,  
the role that the Destiny would have predestined to us,  
if, we would not have incarnated,  
the Dreams,  
in the Absurd of this World.

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**25. We gave birth to the Pain**

Wandering,  
on Tears of the Horizons,  
deserted and cold,  
we're still looking for,  
the Labyrinth of Forgetfulness street,  
which, we believe,  
that it could save us,  
by ourselves,  
on the expanses of the waves of Regrets,  
on which we shipwrecked,  
without to we longer be interested,  
to which shore are we heading,  
the Despair,  
which will arrive anyway,  
in arms full of venom,  
of the Absurd and the Vanity,  
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,  
in which we gave birth,  
the Pain,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**26. To save us**

Confused gods,  
they drink  
their minds, sick of hate,  
on the streets of the Hopes,  
unmet,  
from the cold brothels,  
of the Words Cemeteries,  
which we say them,  
interminable,  
to the cups of nowhere,  
from which we drink,  
with every eternity of Moment,  
wasted by Destiny,  
The Death,  
what seems that is no longer coming,  
to save us,  
by ourselves.

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**27. Full of wounds**

Shores collapsed by Souls,  
carried on the waves of the Eyes,  
what they can barely breathe,  
under the burden of gray lead,  
of Destiny,  
which they must carry him,  
in the Soul of Death,  
only in the arms powerless,  
of the Thoughts,  
what often fall,  
at the feet of the Humility,  
for to beg,  
a cup of nowhere,  
to wet with it,  
the desquamated lips,  
and full of wounds,  
of Time,  
what barely can move,  
toward the Death,  
to which we owe,  
all the Non-Senses of our Existence.

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## **28. The End**

Walls ruined by Smiles,  
they decompose,  
on the deserted Horizons of Souls,  
whose broken wings fall,  
deep,  
in the darkness of Despair,  
incarnated in the body of the Absurd,  
of to be alongside,  
by the Absolute Truth,  
only through the Death,  
the unique, in fact,  
which looks at us,  
with the sincerity,  
which he can give you,  
the End,  
in which he dresses,  
every time we hug her,  
through the homeless Days,  
of our Destiny,  
often, devoid of, the breath,  
of the Happiness.

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**29. Has been extinguished**

How many Memories,  
have you broken, from the calendar of the Expectation,  
of to be together,  
alongside ourselves,  
knowing that the bridges of Hopes,  
have collapsed,  
over the deep, dark circles of Dreams,  
what they will no longer be fulfilled ever,  
no matter how many trembling letters,  
we would write on the shore,  
of the Heart of Fire,  
which has been extinguished,  
by the storms of the Cemeteries of Words,  
which we have uttered to each other,  
burying them in a Past,  
of the Nobody,  
whose Future,  
it will never belong to us again.

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### **30. Alpine Sea**

You were so far from me,  
so that even the Horizons of Loneliness,  
they crumbled over the Heart of the Tear,  
of a Memory,  
what still, trickles,  
on the hot cheeks and slapped by the Time,  
of the Eternity of the Moment,  
what is stubborn to stay,  
together with us,  
instead of running,  
through the gray Glances of the Forgetfulness,  
which is lying down,  
on the forehead of Regrets,  
lost under the waves of the alpine seas,  
which washes us the soles of the Heights,  
of some Feelings,  
from whose Hopes,  
we no longer want to go down, never,  
we never want to go down again,  
in the mist of a Darkness,  
of Separation from ourselves.

And we stayed to wash,  
the faces of Dreams,  
with the clouds of the Alpine Sea,  
from the veins of the Sunrises,  
springing from the Eyes of Sky,  
of the Happiness,  
whose wings of Absolute Truth,

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we would never want them to break,  
under the vault of shooting stars,  
of a Past,  
which seems to be hunting us,  
with every step,  
which our souls do  
when they want to get even closer,  
to each other,  
wanting to refuse,  
that Destiny will look upon us,  
from another World,  
which will no longer be ours,  
how we drown,  
under the waves of clouds,  
of the Alpine Sea,  
from our Feelings,  
how we fall deeper and deeper,  
in the cold and impersonal darknesses,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
where none of the rays of the Promises,  
which we swore them to each other,  
somewhere - sometime,  
they will never be able to enter again.

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**31. We will find ourselves somewhere - sometime**

Dawns with Lead Hearts,  
they crush us with heavy steps,  
of the Lonelinesses,  
the Hopes,  
what, they offer us on the deserted stalls,  
of the Souls,  
Silences packed,  
in the colors of the Absurd,  
this perfect painter of the Despair,  
on whose easel,  
we will find ourselves,  
every Eternity of Moment killed,  
in which we lived,  
somewhere - sometime,  
together with Love,  
what accidentally slipped,  
on black and cold asphalt,  
of the homeless Days,  
from the breath of the Agony,  
of the Time of Nobody.

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**32. From so long, time, we no longer live together**

From so long, time,  
we no longer live,  
together,  
none of us  
in our own bodies of Words,  
which seem every time,  
dead, inert,  
deprived of the Divine Light,  
which flowed through their veins,  
somewhere - sometime,  
in a train station,  
which seems to have disappeared,  
from the map of our Souls,  
being erased by the Compromises,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
with the Forgetfulness of the branches of Dreams broken,  
by the deep and late autumn,  
of the Destiny.

From so long, time,  
we no longer live,  
together,  
at the address of Love,  
beside which we pass even now daily,  
to see how it crumbles,  
behind the rusty and closed gates,  
of the Hopes,  
which it will no longer open them,  
No one, Never,

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for us.

From so long, time,  
we no longer live,  
together,  
on the shore of the Heart of Fire,  
from the sand of the Glances,  
on which I wrote with letters of fire,  
endless letters,  
to Immortality,  
which seemed to listen to us silently,  
and resignedly,  
without understanding  
why?,  
until we became,  
that falling star,  
on the vault of Loneliness,  
by ourselves,  
seen by the Eyes of a Sky,  
whose Glances,  
they will never belong to us again,  
and on whose forehead,  
it flows incessantly,  
the Tear of Longing that burns,  
so painful,  
Eternity of Moment,  
about which we believed,  
that it is ours.

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**33. Is eager to feed on the wilderness within us**

Thoughts of broken wings,  
barely manage to hold, on their shoulders,  
the lost steps of the Bloody Horizons,  
which are ending,  
on the bridges of the ice rivers,  
of the Words,  
which we cross,  
towards the Death,  
which is eagerly waiting,  
to feed on the wilderness,  
within us,  
shattered by the Heart of Wind,  
of the Destiny,  
which we were forced to drink,  
from the desert cups,  
of the Vanity.

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**34. Than we are allowed**

How much it could cost Him,  
on God,  
to break the Curse of Original Sin,  
by the cold and gray Walls,  
of the Time of this World,  
which suffocates us,  
with the Absurd that we breathe,  
with every sigh we swallow,  
once with the Eternities of the Moments,  
unjustly killed,  
at the soles of our Helplessness,  
of to dream more,  
than we are allowed,  
by the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**35. They have blinded of so long Time**

It's raining abundantly with falling stars,  
which have left their souls,  
on the extinguished pyre of the Self-Forgetfulness,  
what was, somewhere - sometime,  
the altar of so many rebellious passions,  
written on the Horizons of Memories,  
of some Worlds,  
now lost through the darkness of Nobody,  
from whose distances,  
are still heard, the whispers,  
of some Glances,  
what have blinded of so long Time,  
forever.

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**36. Are bleeding with Sunsets of Pain**

I did not understand,  
why do the Dawns wash,  
on the open Eyes of the Dreams,  
using the so stinging soap,  
of the Loneliness,  
from the gray of which,  
are felt, the steps of the Despair,  
which we barely drag them,  
after a deaf Hope,  
from which we expect in vain,  
to respond,  
to a Hope lost,  
through the thickets of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
in whose thorns we cut ourselves,  
incessantly,  
the Eternities of Moments,  
which are bleeding with Sunsets of Pain,  
over the foreheads of our Future.

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### **37. The blind Dreams**

Bitter wanderings,  
are served to us abundantly,  
with the garnish of Original Sins,  
on the table of Destiny,  
from which we would like to flee,  
but being guests of honor of Death,  
it is impossible for us.

So we play our ungrateful roles,  
of Living Statues,  
of the bouquets of Sighs,  
among which we hide,  
the blind Dreams,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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**38. We also contributed**

Bridges of Regrets,  
they unite us the banks of the vain Hopes,  
what they direct us silent,  
towards the platform invaded with flowers of tears,  
from the train station, with the name, of Death,  
at the construction of which,  
we also contributed,  
with our own Illusion of Life,  
which we barely managed to bring,  
on the back of a Destiny,  
which seemed to be of the Nobody,  
to here,  
in the hot blood of a Sunrise,  
what promises us another World.

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**39. In the Eyes of the Sky of your Soul**

Kingdoms of Alienations,  
through which the Illusions of Life and Death flourish,  
they worship the same Vanities,  
which glorify the false statue of Happiness,  
carved from the gray stone,  
of the Despair,  
of a World,  
of Vanity and the Absurd,  
on whose altar,  
we worship, the Eternities of the Moments,  
that fall dead,  
when, in their Hearts of Fire,  
is mirrored, the Absolute Truth,  
of the Love,  
which they would have wanted,  
each of them,  
twinkling in the Eyes of the Sky,  
of your Soul.

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**40. Even the last Hopes defeated**

Humiliating and gray Horizons,  
they crush with the lead of the Distances,  
even the stone Heart of Loneliness,  
which grinds us,  
with every Eternity of the Moment,  
wasted in vain,  
the Illusions of Life,  
thus preparing us for the Death,  
what awaits us, insatiable,  
even the last Hopes defeated,  
what they will fall at its cold feet,  
wearing the Twilight of a Memory,  
about which Nobody,  
will never find out again,  
that it was ours.

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**41. What was not created**

Oppressive and gray walls,  
of vain Hopes,  
they suffocate us the Eternities of the Moments,  
killing them even the last breath,  
of Dream,  
what, still seemed to be lucid,  
among the poisonous thorns,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
in which we hurt ourselves,  
the bloody soles of the Sunrises,  
what could save us,  
from the abyss of the Absurd and Vanity,  
of a Destiny,  
what was not created,  
according to the measure of our Souls.

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**42. On the Horizon of the Nobody**

Steps to Heaven,  
climb into your Eyes, Love,  
so that I rise,  
beyond my shooting star,  
on the Horizon of the Nobody,  
at the soles of which,  
they crush my Eternities of Moments,  
without any purpose,  
for to feed on them,  
the Illusions of Death,  
in which the Illusion of Life mirrors,  
its Absurd and Despair,  
from which we have built us,  
the seven wonders of the Vanity,  
of this World of the Nobody.

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**43. The Flames of the Sky of Hopes**

Buds, of Dreams,  
they paint with the brush of the Spring,  
from our Hearts of embers,  
the Flames of the Sky of Hopes,  
more and more burning,  
until they set fire,  
to the Souls,  
whose wings burn,  
collapsing into cold and sad bodies,  
of our Words,  
crucified,  
on the Horizon of Loneliness,  
whose Despair of lead,  
we are obliged to carry it,  
on ragged and overwhelmed shoulders,  
by so much Absurd,  
of our own Destinies.

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**44. The turbulent times of the shooting stars**

The deserted and cold train station of Loneliness,  
awaits its trains of Hopes,  
what seems to have died long ago,  
than all the turbulent times,  
of the shooting stars,  
that twinkle sad,  
on the same platforms,  
of the Illusions of Death and Life,  
of a God of Original Sins,  
through whose wrinkles,  
the Eternities of the Moments flow to us,  
without any purpose,  
for to be crossed,  
by the ruined bridges of Loves,  
over which they cross,  
with the approval from Destiny,  
only the Steps of the Madness,  
which looks at us, silent and indifferent,  
the Absurd,  
which we can barely carry,  
on muddy and unsanitary streets,  
of the vain Dreams.

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**45. The Wings of Sky of the Souls**

No matter how much we sculpt,  
from the bodies of the Words,  
massive stone Gates,  
behind which we to close,  
the Wings of Sky of the Souls,  
who want to fly,  
toward the Absolute Truth,  
of the Love,  
we will not succeed anything else,  
than to detach ourselves from ourselves,  
to we stay somewhere behind them,  
in a free fall,  
in the abyss of the Absurd,  
from which we will look,  
how they escape,  
from the bodies of our Dreams,  
even the last Traces,  
of the Hopes,  
what, they will forsake us,  
forever,  
without we ever wanting again,  
the Wings of Sky of the Souls,  
whose Memory,  
it will crumble,  
on the shoulders of the silent Horizons,  
of the Death.

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**46. In a crazy dance of Vanity and the Absurd**

Windows broken by Clouds,  
they open the padlocks of the rains of Glances,  
what, they flash us the passings lost,  
on the Zebras of the Feelings,  
whose Steps intertwine to us,  
around the Hearts of Wind,  
whose beatings,  
in the locked doors of tense Smiles,  
they give birth to storms of Dreams,  
from which we take refuge,  
often in ourselves,  
waiting to pass,  
the disturbing lightnings,  
of the vain Hopes,  
that ignite our Feelings,  
for to set fire in their turn,  
to the Illusions of Life and Happiness,  
in a crazy dance,  
of Vanity and the Absurd,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
on whose scenes,  
we have to play our roles,  
humiliating and mediocre,  
of Living Statues,  
written by Destinies,  
for the Death.

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**47. Death that was planted in us**

It rains with gray Sunrises,  
over the Lead Days,  
of the Absurd,  
of so many attempts to find us,  
the Lost Stranger,  
from the Truth which we believed,  
to it be ours,  
even when we are torn,  
by the claws of Libras,  
of the Illusions of Happiness and Sadness,  
felines thirsty for the Death,  
that was planted in us,  
by, the Birth,  
of so many Non-Senses of Existence,  
so that no Time,  
doesn't seem to be welcome,  
at the meeting with ourselves.

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### **48. Deafeningly**

The Sky of Words burns,  
in cascades of Tears,  
which trickle, nervous,  
on the rocks of the Souls,  
turned green by the mosses of Memories,  
what are stirring desperately,  
amplifying the infernal roar,  
of the Torrents of vain Hopes,  
which break deafeningly,  
on the forehead of Destiny corrupted,  
by the Illusions of Life and Death,  
to whom we must worship,  
the whole Absurd,  
of this World.

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**49. Leaned against the Horizon of a Memory**

Peeled dreams,  
from the Nights with core, of Nightmares,  
they bind us as tightly as possible,  
by, the Wrinkles, deeper and deeper,  
of the Expectations with Lead Hearts,  
which are struggling in the breasts of Hope,  
increasingly weakened,  
by the fever of the Glances lost in vain,  
on the deserted boulevards of Questions,  
what, they seem to no longer find Answers ever,  
because the bloody Sunrises,  
whose hemorrhages full of Forgetfulnesses,  
they have washed even your Eyes of Sky,  
what, they still existed,  
leaning against the Horizon of a Memory.

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**50. At the Roulette of Indifference**

Collapsed shores in,  
the Horizons of Memories,  
whose waves shatter with power,  
the roots of the Past,  
which were born,  
somewhere - sometime,  
in the moving sands,  
of the Glances,  
in which we drowned,  
Love,  
what seems to have lost their Souls,  
at the Roulette of Indifference,  
whirled to exhaustion,  
by the strong arms of the Forgetfulnesses,  
by ourselves,  
until we became,  
some shipwrecked of a Destiny,  
of the Nobody.

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**51. Between Loneliness and Despair**

We were running towards ourselves,  
on the star of a Love,  
about which we wanted to know,  
that it can never fall,  
from the vault of Truth,  
in corrupt arms,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
which entice us with the Absurd of Happiness,  
the Death,  
in whose waves,  
we were thrown away,  
by Destiny,  
to shipwreck our whole Life,  
carried by Compromises,  
on troubled waters,  
of the Remorses,  
which are struggling between Loneliness and Despair.

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**52. The forgiveness of Original Sins**

Freedom of Lead,  
leave us a crumb,  
from the inert body of Hopes,  
which we no longer want vain,  
to no longer know ourselves crushed,  
by the indifferent Absurd,  
in which we were handcuffed,  
by Destiny,  
lest we ever go out,  
from the endless Nightmares,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
brought to perfection,  
by Death,  
what has taken the form of the Illusions of our Life,  
for to build cathedrals of Sighs,  
where we will ask for,  
the forgiveness of Original Sins,  
of a God of Nobody.

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**53. They have become dependent**

Sarcastic rumors shout us, deaf,  
the Death,  
which knows she'll arrive anyway,  
at the table plentiful with Despairs,  
of the Illusions of Life and Happiness,  
to whose lottery they subscribed us,  
the Non-Senses of Existence,  
in whose Compromises,  
our Hopes live,  
more and more sick,  
of so much Vanity,  
to which they have become dependent,  
together with our Feelings,  
who have ceased to respond,  
to the greeting of the Glances,  
increasingly lost in themselves.

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**54. At the soles of an Agony**

Traces lost in the extinguished Hearts of Fire,  
of your Eyes of Forgetfulness,  
Happiness,  
in which we buried our Past,  
so sick of ourselves,  
so that, have longer remained for him, and now,  
a few fragments of Moments,  
which bind us the Sighs to their breaths,  
increasingly jerky and impersonal,  
fallen at the soles of an Agony,  
about which we no longer want to know anything,  
no matter how much, we would like,  
to be able to drive her away,  
from the Absurd of our own,  
Destinies,  
which somewhere - sometime,  
they seemed to be just one,  
in whose mirror we were looking at,  
the faces of the Smiles,  
how they finally break,  
in shards of vain promises,  
cutting without mercy,

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the veins of a Love,  
what begs us,  
to we save her,  
in the hemorrhage of the Cemeteries of Words,  
which, they flowed pointlessly,  
over the blood of the Sunsets,  
in which we drowned,  
without trying at all,  
to we swim,  
as before.

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**55. Unreal and useless**

Wings of Sky wipe the dust of the Moments,  
from the furniture stained with Absurd,  
of the Horizons,  
in whose distances we lose,  
the Memories,  
crushed by oppressive lead,  
of the Daily,  
of so many Compromises,  
that we became the robots of a World,  
for which Love,  
remains an unreal and useless notion,  
for which we are not scheduled,  
by the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**56. The Soul of so many Sighs**

Deception, you have become the lungs,  
of the lost Glances,  
from crowded boulevards,  
with Despairs,  
of the Gray Dawn,  
that crush us,  
with the lead calendars,  
of the vain Dreams,  
even the last Hopes,  
of to ever be ourselves, again,  
we those who have promised ourselves,  
to the Subconscious Stranger of the Absolute Truth,  
that somewhere - sometime,  
when we meet,  
we will be the first,  
what, we will give to him the Soul,  
of so many Sighs,  
drowned in the Absurd of this World,  
on which, we will want,  
to release him to us,  
from their own Non-Senses of Existence,  
to become again,

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the same star of Love,  
what shines on the vault,  
endless,  
of Immortality,  
which never fled, from ourselves,  
it was just hidden from us,  
by the Illusions of Life and Death.

**SORIN CERIN**  
**- Without you LOVE - Philosophical and love poems**

### **57. Incandescent Despairs**

What's the point of asking ourselves,  
why did we remain lost,  
among the dried roots,  
of the Words ?,  
which, they will never flourish again,  
on cold and inert lips,  
of the Eternities of Moments,  
together with whom we danced,  
the last, deaf Cry,  
of the Separation,  
intertwined with the Dawn of the Loneliness,  
on whose wings,  
we started flying,  
separating us from the Heart, of Fire,  
which was burning only for us,  
in the flames of some Feelings,  
whose Dreams transformed us,  
into two incandescent Despairs,  
which, each in part has illuminated,  
its own falling star.

**SORIN CERIN**  
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**58. The falling stars of the Words**

Clouds wrinkled by the Rains of Memories,  
which flow,  
among the eyelids built in Sighs,  
of the Dreams,  
flooded by the Nightmares of Illusions,  
of a Time,  
which they do not recognize,  
than the falling stars,  
of the Words,  
whose bodies,  
are crouching by pain,  
on the wastelands of the Hopes,  
which seem to not find, no purpose,  
among so many graves,  
of the Eternities of Moments,  
from which we slipped,  
without realizing it,  
how abandoned we can be,  
by ourselves.

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**59. The desolate drops, of sweat**

Smile of Sky,  
frozen on the forehead of Autumn,  
which is not missing at the roulette of Despair,  
whose calendar numbers,  
they always fall on the gray color,  
of the Absurd,  
each time non-winning,  
after we bet on the Happiness,  
in which we would have believed,  
even if we were kneeling,  
on the steps gnawed by godliness,  
of the Cathedrals of so many ruined Hearts,  
on whose walls,  
they were still dripping,  
the desolate drops, of sweat,  
of the vain Hopes.

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**60. Received as a gift from the Vanity of a World**

Shores, of Dreams,  
they collapse silent,  
in the murky waves of the Past,  
tied to the sails of ships wrecked,  
of the Loves,  
whose cries, deaf,  
can still be heard,  
and today,  
from below the weight of the Lead Horizons,  
which crush us,  
the Flowers of Tears,  
of the Feelings,  
received as a gift,  
from the Vanity of a World,  
which has lost, every Truth,  
among the Non-Senses of the Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**61. To stay alive**

Drops of Thoughts,  
trickle down to us,  
on the cold slabs of the graves,  
of some Words,  
to which we knelt,  
somewhere - sometime,  
together with Love,  
believing we will succeed,  
to face, our Destiny,  
in the deaf battle,  
which the Hopes gave,  
with the Time of the Nobody,  
under whose soles,  
it was crushed to us forever,  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
in which we would have wanted to stay,  
alive.

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**62. Drowned in the drops of sweat of the Wrinkles  
of some Words**

It came down,  
over the Heart of the Sunrise,  
the dense fog of vain Hopes,  
whose Walls,  
they blind us the Feelings,  
challenging us,  
to die,  
embracing the broken wings,  
of the Loneliness,  
on the forehead of which we collapsed,  
drowned in the drops of sweat,  
of the Wrinkles of some Words,  
heavy and careless,  
what have trampled us with the Carelessness,  
the Future,  
which they wanted it to us,  
dead.

**SORIN CERIN**  
**- Without you LOVE - Philosophical and love poems**

**63. The first question**

We were born into a world,  
where the first question was Love,  
and the second,  
the Original Sin,  
whose mask,  
we had to wear it,  
among the cold and sad Walls,  
of the Cathedrals of Words,  
collapsed every time,  
at the soles of a Creator,  
of the Absurd and Despair,  
who gave us,  
enough Vanity,  
so that we have,  
for the whole eternity of Death.

**SORIN CERIN**  
**- Without you LOVE - Philosophical and love poems**

**64. The Dawn of the Eternity**

Poisonous wanderings,  
they swarm chaotically,  
among the dense grasses,  
of the Compromises,  
which we have to cross them,  
in the way to the Dawn of Eternity,  
which the Illusions of Life reveal to us,  
how they get lost in the Death,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
which we are obliged,  
to we breathe them,  
through the cursed lungs,  
of the Absurd and the Vanity,  
in which we incarnated,  
the Despair.

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**65. They pray kneeling**

Bloody wedding dresses,  
stained with Horizons,  
what they lost their weddings,  
to the rigged roulettes of Destinies,  
they pray kneeling,  
at the rebellious Sunsets,  
without any faith in the Love,  
about which the homeless Days,  
of the Compromises,  
they think it would be the body of God,  
so do we,  
if it were not for the Original Sins,  
in which to we drown,  
the waves of our own Passions,  
broken by the walls of the black Thoughts,  
of the Absurd,  
born from the Non-Senses of Existence,  
where was incarnated for us  
the Death.

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**66. Loneliness in two**

Crayfishes of Memories,  
they even sell their tongs of Despair,  
-the only fortunes that remained for them-,  
on the stalls of the lack of Trust,  
without buying them anymore,  
someone ever,  
from the veins of the homeless Days,  
of the Destinies,  
increasingly impoverished,  
by the coins of Happinesses,  
rusted,  
rattling through broken pockets,  
of the Time of the Nobody,  
especially then,  
when the Hopes, starved by the Truth,  
they look at the increasingly empty shop windows,  
from our Glances,  
cut into the shards of the Dreams,  
which were broken,  
by so much Loneliness in two.

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**67. The deeper and deeper Wrinkles of the Pain**

Shores neglected and shrill painted,  
with the makeups of Forgetfulness,  
they smile at us falsely,  
from behind the waves of Expectations,  
which do not want to come out,  
in the Evidence of the Population,  
of Despairs,  
which swarm more and more nervous,  
through the endless agglomeration,  
of the Cemeteries of Words,  
which do not respect,  
none of the traffic rules,  
of the blood from the veins of the Sunsets,  
which, it crowds,  
among the deeper and deeper Wrinkles,  
of the Pain.

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**68. Accompanied by the Non-Senses of Existence of  
the Illusions of Life and Death**

Skinny leaves of Hiding places,  
so that to them can be seen,  
even the nervures of the Feelings,  
they fall,  
covered by the rust of Memories,  
in the arms of an Autumn,  
from the Heart of Wind of the Time,  
of the Forgetfulness  
by ourselves,  
Love,  
what, you have lost your notion,  
of the Happiness,  
on the falling star of the Cold,  
what froze us,  
even the Cemeteries of Words,  
in which we still believed,  
that he will accept us,  
the funeral processions,  
of the Eternities of Moments,  
to whom we crossed their threshold,  
accompanied by the Non-Senses of Existence,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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**69. Which deafen us the Loneliness**

Countless storms of Remorses,  
they want to wash with the rains of Regrets,  
the Darkness within us,  
Love.

Lightnings of Memories,  
they paralyze us the Future,  
on which, the Hopes,  
of the new Eternities of Moments,  
they think that we don't deserve him,  
alongside us,  
Never.

And they thunder with Invectives,  
thrown awry,  
by the increasingly heavy Clouds of the Glances,  
which deafen us,  
the Loneliness.

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**70. Love, please save us**

Bells, of Doubts,  
they beat in the Lead Hearts, of Time,  
giving the exact time and gray, of the Clouds,  
of some Expectations,  
which blow over the cold and insalubrious Horizons,  
of the Illusions of Life and Happiness,  
in whose waters we bathe,  
the Death,  
from us,  
Love,  
please,  
save us,  
the bodies of the last Words,  
which we can still wash them,  
with the troubled and sorrowful Hopes,  
as,  
they have remained us,  
from Destiny,  
being the last,  
received from the fairytale Wedding,  
of the Original Sins,  
with ourselves.

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**71. It will no longer belong to us, together, never**

Wandered rediscoveries in the night,  
of the Feelings,  
they lose us,  
farther and farther,  
from ourselves,  
the ones shipwrecked of the Truths,  
what, we have come to be guided,  
only by shooting stars,  
of the Non-fulfillments,  
which are heading,  
through the veins of Death,  
what flows in us,  
toward the Loneliness,  
between the Walls of deaf Shouts,  
of the decomposed Dreams,  
of a Future,  
what will no longer belong to us,  
together,  
never.

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**72. The Walls of Horizons**

It's raining with Passions,  
over the Walls of Horizons,  
increasingly oppressive and cold,  
what seem to fall,  
over the forehead full of sweat,  
of the Tear of a Time,  
so lonely,  
because he remained forever,  
of the Nobody,  
crushing us the Dawns of Memories,  
what, still binds us with scarves of Longing ,  
the Truth,  
knotted at the ends of the Sighs,  
by the angelic faces of Dreams,  
increasingly blurred and confused,  
that are lost in the distance,  
from ourselves,  
where we still wander,  
looking for ourselves,  
believing that maybe,  
we will ever find again,  
the Happiness.

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**73. The Infinity of Love masked in Death**

Lead Bells,  
they beat, the exact hours of the Vanities,  
through which we must realize,  
how many Eternities of Moments,  
were killed to us for no reason,  
on the scaffold of the Gray Dawn,  
of the Remorses,  
from which we bite greedily,  
to satisfy our need for Dreams,  
which gnaws at our Thoughts,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
in which we have incarnated,  
in which we incarnated,  
the Eternity,  
the only bridge,  
which still unites us,  
to the Infinity of Love,  
so well masked,  
by the Illusions of Life,  
in Death.

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**74. Death reported at ourselves**

Forsaken,  
even by the wanderings of Dreams,  
locked in madness sanatoriums,  
of the Illusions of Life,  
where our World,  
must at all costs,  
to belong only to Vanity,  
for to be accepted as normality,  
by, the Non-Senses of Existence,  
more and more alluring and indulgent,  
with the Compromises,  
urged to be,  
as proud and threatening as possible,  
with all that would not mean,  
Death reported at ourselves,  
we come to wonder,  
if there is still Hope,  
to ever meet again,  
with the Subconscious Stranger,  
of the Absolute Truth.

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**75. They have become the dust of some falling stars**

The bows over bloody Arrows,  
of the Time,  
of some Sunsets,  
they bind us to the open wounds of the Words,  
for which, not even now,  
we didn't find the necessary bandages,  
from which flow to us,  
the Eternities of Moments,  
what wear in the Thoughts of Wind,  
the shattered Faith,  
in the Eyes of the Infinity,  
of so many Feelings,  
what they have become,  
the dust of some falling stars,  
raised toward the gray Skies,  
of a Memory,  
on which not even,  
the Non-Senses of Existence,  
they never want to decipher it again,  
in the blind Dawns,  
of a Flower of Tear,  
which I always give you,  
Love.

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**76. The name of the Shore of Memory**

Gates of Tears,  
locked with the padlocks of the Sighs,  
wash the slabs,  
dusty with shooting stars,  
of the Cemeteries of Words,  
heavy and gray,  
which, deaf shout,  
spelling,  
in the wandered Looks,  
the name of the Shore of Memory,  
next to which,  
we can no longer feel,  
that we have the wings of Thoughts, broken,  
and we fly,  
toward the height of our own Subconscious Stranger,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
trying to find ourselves,  
the Death,  
which we rediscovered,  
to be, the eternal life,  
stolen and falsified,  
by the Illusions of Life.

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**77. Through the murky waters**

Lost by me myself,  
I wandered,  
through the murky waters,  
of the Glances of Lead,  
of the shooting stars,  
in whose dust I drown,  
the bitter and homeless Days,  
of the Flowers of Tears,  
what grow,  
on the foreheads of the Eternities of Moments,  
and which I would like,  
to give them to you,  
Love,  
to weave multicolored wreaths for you,  
of Feelings,  
which not to wither,  
Never.

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**78. I will hold you by the hand of Memories**

When the Dream,  
he will draw his heavy curtain,  
of the Morning Awakening,  
over the Eyes of Sky of the Thoughts,  
and the windows of Loneliness will open,  
letting to enter on their Hearts of Lead,  
the miasmas of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
to know, Love,  
that I will hold you by the hand of Memories,  
which I will never leave,  
no matter how large would be,  
the Ocean of Vanities of this World,  
which we have to cross,  
together.

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**79. For now Love**

Letters with souls bent by Deceptions,  
they barely carry their broken wings of the News,  
over, the homeless Days,  
in which we are obliged to live,  
together with the Feelings of Lead,  
of the cold and impersonal Sunrises,  
on whose shoulders,  
we have to lean, our Helplessness,  
to pass beyond,  
by, the zebra of Good and Evil,  
for now,  
Love,  
where we know you're waiting for us,  
the Thoughts so exhausted,  
so that, they barely can carry,  
on the back of unforgiving Time,  
a fragment of Dream,  
which to feed them,  
the Memories,  
on their way to Death,  
of their own Destiny.

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**80. Alongside the Truth**

Lost Flames,  
in the Hearts of Fire of the Words,  
are extinguished,  
slowly but surely,  
at the broken windows of Hopes,  
in the shards of which we cut us,  
the Future,  
increasingly tired,  
by the faces of our dead Moments,  
what fall on his forehead wrinkled by the Memory,  
of our first Meeting,  
which we will never see again,  
at the Carnival of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
where this time,  
we wear the masks of the Indifference,  
of some Living Statues,  
which seem to have never been seen,  
alongside the Truth.

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### **81. Cardiac Loves**

Dried roots of Words,  
they get lost in the dust of the Meanings,  
which drowns us,  
the Desires, so fiery,  
that they set our Death on fire,  
from whose flames,  
are born to us the deaf Cries,  
of the Regrets,  
to which, we do not even know,  
what name to we give them,  
at the ruined maternity hospitals,  
of the Horizons,  
which are struggling painfully,  
on the barren realms,  
of some Hearts of Lead,  
because of which,  
the hospitals of the Absurd,  
are full of cardiac Loves.

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**82. The depths of the Despairs**

The truth,  
leave me a Shadoof,  
which will take out for me,  
the troubled Sweatings of the Dreams,  
from the fountain of our Souls,  
and let us feed with it,  
the thirsty flowers of the Happiness,  
which lie, withered,  
at the soles of our Loneliness in two,  
which crushes them,  
even the last Tears of the Words,  
in which it seems to have drowned for us,  
the Time,  
which we could not save,  
from the depths of the Despairs,  
in which, he lost,  
full of pain,  
the Moments.

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**83. They remained to spin endlessly**

Thoughts that have become,  
Millstones,  
laugh in front of us,  
when they grind our Dreams,  
by, whose blades we cling to,  
desperately,  
the dry Roots of the Words,  
which have remained to spin,  
endlessly,  
around the tail of a Happiness,  
which they cannot comprise it,  
whatever it does,  
our Loneliness in two,  
Illusion.

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### **84. The Life of the Ditches**

We live the Life of the Ditches,  
through which it flows,  
ceaselessly,  
the filth of Despair and Non-fulfillments,  
some with deeper Destinies,  
or at the surface of the Misunderstandings,  
which, they gnaw us the nails of the Days,  
and so homeless,  
of the Cemeteries of Words,  
the only ones which have remained to us anymore,  
to cover us,  
the Time, more and more stranger,  
by ourselves,  
which doesn't want to rent us,  
not even a wall of Happiness,  
which, not to let Death,  
to hide behind him.

## **Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Al Cistelecan** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

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Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionnal, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

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Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions,

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making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

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The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

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For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections."

**PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

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Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

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I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

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It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of

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the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

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Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness."

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words

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lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

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He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises /

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and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make,  
Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes  
politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

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would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban** : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the

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world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan** : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,  
on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,  
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human

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being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu :** "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad :** "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

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**Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

**PhD Professor Călin Teutisan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin claim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible

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map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:** "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioară:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine

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in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

**PhD Professor Stefan Borbely**: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu**: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

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**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon".... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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#### Books published

*Sapiential Literature*

*Volumes of aphorisms*

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- Culegere de Întelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme Filozofice-Opere Complete-Ediția2020, the United States of America 2020, Sorin Cerin Wisdom Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete Works -2020Edition contains **16777** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Future of Artificial Intelligence -philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence - philosophical aphorisms, contains **4162** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale Conține un număr de **505** aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020; Destiny of Artificial Intelligence **505** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Iubire și Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Love and Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020
- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii contains **445** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Impact of Artificial Intelligence on Mankind **445** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Credință și Sfîrșenie la Om și Mașină contains **749** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Faith

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- and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Necunoscutul absurd contains **630** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains **630** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
  - Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Far Future of Mankind contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
  - Culegere de Înțelegere – Aforisme filosofice esențiale – Ediția 2019 contains **13222** aphorisms - Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
  - Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
  - Culegere de Înțelegere - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediție de Referință the United States of America 2019; Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition 2019, contains **12513 aphorisms**- the United States of America 2019
  - Judecători the United States of America 2019 ; Judges –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
  - Culegere de Înțelegere - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediție de Referință Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, contains **11486 aphorisms** structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014

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- Rătăcire, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2013, Wandering, the United States of America, 2014
- Libertate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, Freedom the United States of America,2013
- Cugetări esențiale, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013
- Antologie de înțelepciune, the United States of America 2012 Anthology of wisdom , the United States of America, 2012 contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- Deserțăciune, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, Vanity , the United States of America, 2011
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- Sfîntenia Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
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